



MR. BIGGS AT HOME.

ALONG THE WHARVES.

I AM the public's most obedient servant, Septimus Witherspoon, of Herkimer County, State of New York. When I am at home I am called a farmer, and though I am proud of the title, I am glad to say that I am not altogether dependent on my farm. I say all this because I know that the public like, when they're hearing from a man, to know who he is. It's a warrant of respectability, and shows that he is not ashamed of himself.

It has always been my intention to spend some little time in the city of New York, and I had read that, as a general thing, people from the country see more of New York than the citizens, and I was determined not to destroy that impression. But I also knew from my own experience that my neighbors who had seen the wonders of the great city utterly failed on their return in giving a clear impression of the sight. This, too, I determined to improve by going about with my eyes open, and not by looking with suspicion on every man I met in

the metropolis shut off my sources of information.

From the earliest period of its career I have been a reader of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, and I have been especially attracted by two or three articles in which the versatile information of a Mr. Biggs is brought to bear; and I resolved to make his acquaintance, and, if possible, induce him to escort me through the city and show me the sights. By the kindness of the editor of the Magazine, to whom I introduced myself as an old subscriber, I was favored with a note to a friend of Mr. Biggs, who gave me a note to that gentleman. The editor also said, that if I would write out my observations he would be glad to see them, and if they suited him, would print them in the Magazine.

Armed with a note to Mr. Biggs, I took my way to the address given. After some search I found that renowned gentleman at a quiet retreat not very far removed from his board-

ing-house, answering to the title of the "O'Sullivan Hall," and kept by Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan.

Mr. Biggs took my letter and looked it well over before breaking the seal, and then did the same with myself. He then perused the letter slowly, seeming to spell at some of the words, while I stood waiting for him to reach the end. When this occurred, Mr. Biggs turned to me and said, rather abruptly,

"Want to see New York, eh! Got any money?"

I answered that I had, and by way of delicately letting him understand that I was willing to spend it, I said,

"What'll you drink, Mr. Biggs?"

He answered without an instant's hesitation, thereby showing how easily confidence is begotten in his mind,

"Whisky straight, Dennis. He pays;" meaning me, and designating, by his finger, the fact to a stern Milesian gentleman behind the bar.

The convention between Mr. Biggs and myself was settled in a couple of hours at an expense of four shillings and sixpence, cash in

hand, paid to Dennis O'Sullivan, after which Mr. B. did me the honor to accept my arm as far as the "Nonsuch House" and to sup with me. As it could hardly be expected that I should accompany Mr. Biggs home quite late at night, being myself a stranger to the city, I delegated that matter to a very polite colored gentleman at the "Nonsuch," who, for the sum of one dollar, promised, pledged himself to the faithful performance of the duty.

The convention between Mr. Biggs and myself was, that on the following day he was to begin showing me around, and that the shipping and commercial interests were to have our first attention.

The next morning, bright and early, quite early in fact, being only a little after six, and much before breakfast, Mr. Biggs knocked at my door. In consequence, I had the pleasure of Mr. Biggs's company at breakfast. As we traversed the city toward the wharves I wished to become acquainted, at least by name, with many fine buildings and strange things I saw by the way; but I soon found out that I had a man of system to deal with, and that this was no part of his system. We came out to see the wharves, he informed me, and we would see them and nothing else.

"System, Sir, system!" said Mr. Biggs. "We'll do the thing properly or not at all. Commence at the Battery, Sir, and go up."

In a few minutes we stood upon that famous spot, and Mr. Biggs, taking a position a little to the westward of the centre, stamped his foot and exclaimed:

"Now, Sir, I stand on the very spot where stood Fort Amsterdam, the first attempt at raising a building of any consequence on the ground that afterward became this wonderful city."

I naturally looked at the ground with veneration, though I could perceive no sign that should so induce me.

"Here, Sir, the renowned Wouter Van Twill-

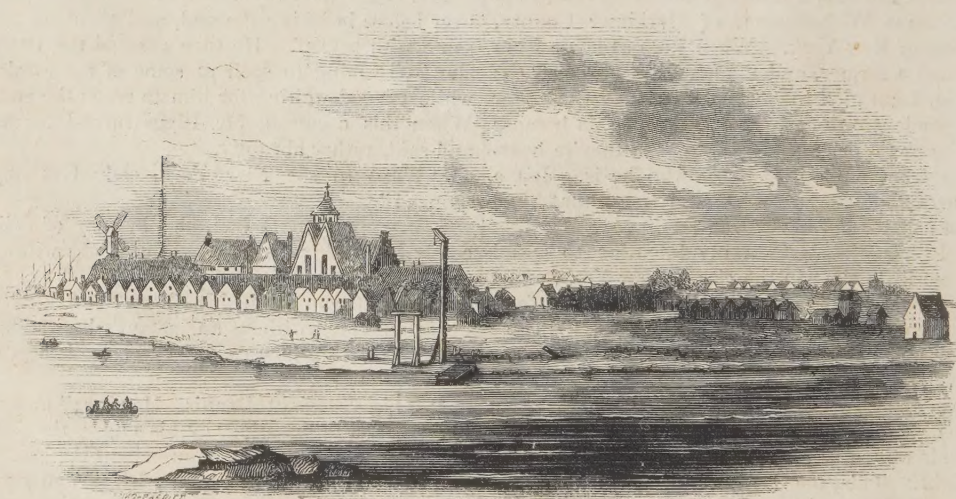
er put up his fort in 1635, and opened trade with the Indians for furs. While just over there, to the southeast of the Battery, was built the first vessel ever constructed on this island. She was called the *Unrest*, measured 38 feet keel, and was built in 1613 by Captain Block to supply the place of one he had brought from Holland, which was accidentally burned. At that time, Sir, this spot was merely looked on as a convenient place for the traders, who came with small notions to dicker with the Indians; they even despising the beauty of its position for the superior trading facilities of Beaver Wyth, now Albany. One voyage a year between this spot and Holland was in those days considered fast traveling and trading, Sir."

Mr. Biggs looked triumphantly around, and I could not help thinking that, with the very natural enthusiasm of a New Yorker, he took to himself a large part of the credit for the energy and perseverance that had built up so great a city from so small a beginning. Mr. Biggs went on:

"Why, Sir, in the year 1623 this place was the property of 'The United New Netherland Company,' who merely looked upon it as a trading post. Up to the year 1656 there was but one wharf, which ran out from the foot of Moore Street, only reaching to low-water-mark. Vessels at this time moored in the East River and unloaded by scows. In 1659 fifty feet was added to this wharf, and some provision was made for facing up the bank around the point, now called the Battery, by putting plank about it. At that time, Sir, the north side of Pearl Street was the water side, and in 1687 the lots facing the water were granted to different parties on condition of their keeping the facing-plank in good order. How many water lots would you take now, Sir, on the same conditions? Eh!"

I replied to Mr. Biggs by offering to blindly face up both rivers on the same terms. Mr. Biggs said he didn't doubt it.

"You see the Battery now," Mr. Biggs went



NEW YORK IN 1664.

on; "would you like to know how it looked two centuries ago? Here," and he produced from his pocket a soiled and crumpled engraving, "is a picture of New York in 1664. You see the Fort, inclosing Governor Kieft's double-roofed church, the Governor's house, the flag-staff, and wind-mill. At the river's edge, perhaps on the very spot where we now stand, are the Gallows and Whipping-post. Great institutions those. We could make good use of them now if we had them.

"What do you think now, Sir," continued Mr. Biggs, "of a great commercial city surrendering to a fleet consisting of two frigates and a fly-boat, carrying in all only 130 guns and 600 men? And yet, Sir, such is the fact. Our valiant Dutch ancestors backed down to an English force of that strength in 1664; and then in 1673, nine years after, backed down a second time to a Dutch force still smaller. It was the merchants that did it, Sir; the first time to improve trade, as they thought, and the second time to get back the old government for the same purpose. The merchant is ruler, depend upon it, Sir."

I had noticed that during the time Mr. Biggs was stamping down the earth where once stood Fort Amsterdam a youthful wielder of the blacking brush was operating on Mr. Biggs's boots, as I truly believe—being so assured by that gentleman personally—without his knowledge or consent. Unfortunately for the misspent labor, Mr. Biggs did not awake to the fact until his boots were entirely polished, when, with proper indignation, he spurned the surreptitious boot-black

away, and threatening to give him immediately into the hands of a policeman, went on with his conversation.

"Now, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, "we come to busy and classical grounds. Pier No. 1, North River. Pier No. 1, Sir, is the landing-place of the boats of the Camden and Amboy line, the first railroad stretching south from New York. It was built in 1829 from Amboy, in New Jersey, to its terminus on the Delaware River, the intermediate distances between New York and Philadelphia being traversed by steamboats. When that road was first built, Sir, it was traveled by horse-cars, and the first practical locomotive in the country went over its rails only thirty-one years ago. Now, Sir, the earnings of the road are equal to \$1,600,000 per annum."

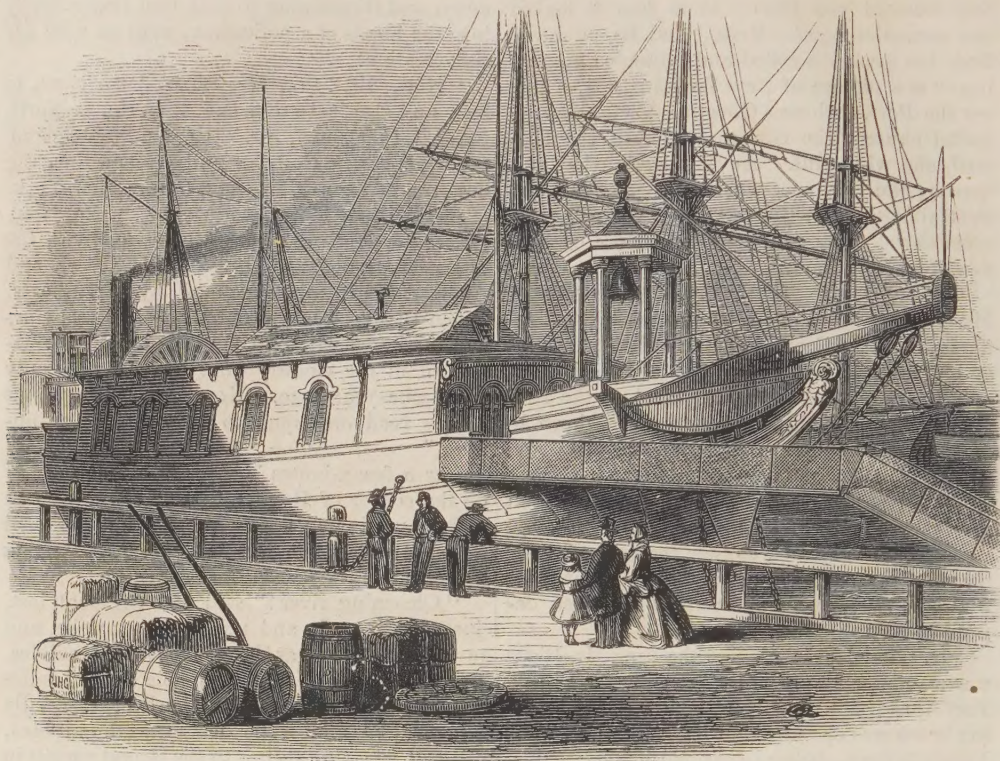
For a few minutes Mr. Biggs stood absently on the corner of Battery Place ruminating and picking up single peanuts from a stand, the legal owner of which slept sweetly beside it, and gazing far out upon the bosom of the Hudson.

"Charming river!" said Mr. Biggs at last, just as the apple and peanut lady awoke, and turning his back as he spoke to the edibles. "Charming river, Sir! navigable for 160 miles from its mouth. Splendid harbor! especially intended by nature for commercial purposes. Capable of giving shelter to the largest vessels in the world. Bar at Sandy Hook, Sir, 27 feet at high-water, Sir. After that there's no farther trouble—channel of from 35 to 50 feet all the way up to the wharves."

"Get out wid ye, spitting all over me pine-



"GET OUT WID YE!"



THE BETHEL SHIP.

apples! Do yees think I've got nothing to do but be washing me slices all day afther yees?"

I am constrained in truth to admit that the lady proprietor of the stand behind Mr. Biggs had justice on her side, as that gentleman, in the abstraction of the moment, had evidently been giving way to absent-minded expectoration.

"Pier No. 2, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, walking on hurriedly, "is one of the Boston lines. Mind you, Sir, I say one of them. The day has gone by, Sir, when the stage started daily, taking its eight passengers for a six days' journey, price \$20. Now, we used to have the splendid steamers of the Charleston and Savannah lines at Pier No. 4, and more of the same sort for the same place at Pier No. 12. There, Sir, is the Bethel ship, one of many—those sheet-anchors for the poor wanderers about the docks. We'll speak of 'em again, Sir. By-and-by—by-and-by, Sir."

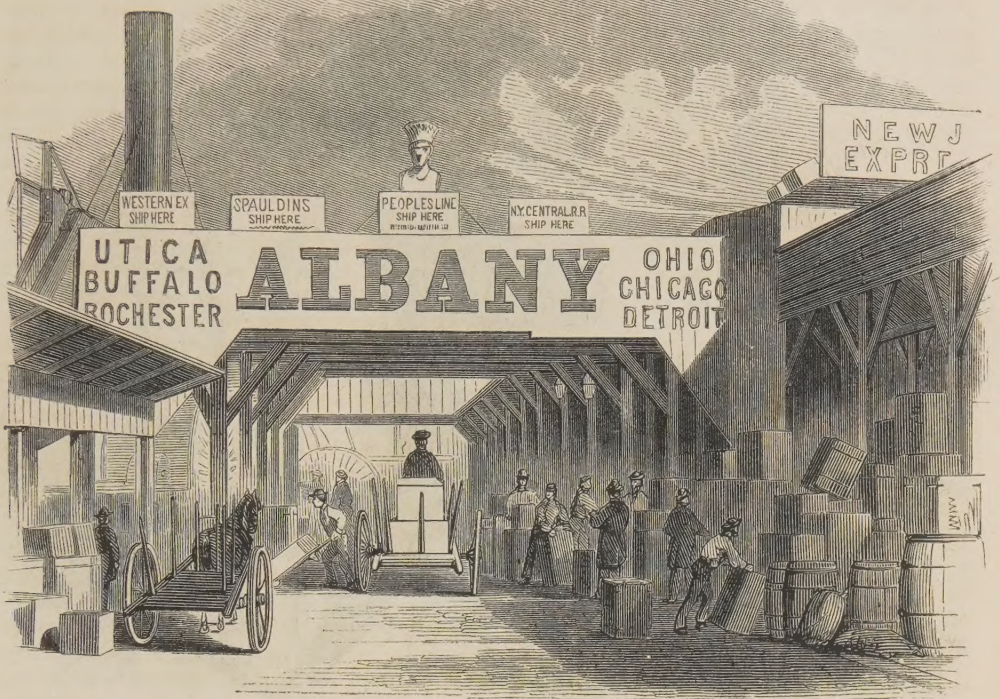
Mr. Biggs blew his nose violently, and walked on.

"It is much to be regretted, Sir," he continued, "that we New Yorkers have not seen fit to pay more attention to the wharves. There are very few of them that are structures of which we can be proud. We have not yet followed the example of England in building stone wharves and basins that will last for centuries. To be sure, Sir, the exigencies of our trade and tides have not so imperatively called for them as in London and Liverpool; but still it would be a most creditable movement to replace some of the old, decayed, dangerous, and rat-eaten docks of the lower part of the city. The day is rapid-

ly coming, Sir, when it will have to be done, and we shall see a line of stone wharves stretching from six to ten miles on either side of this right little, tight little island, Sir."

Here was a pause, in which my imagination pictured out the great city of New York when it should throw all the cities of the world into the shade; when for five miles from the Battery not a dwelling would exist, nothing but one mass of stores and warehouses, laden to repletion with the wealth of the world; and all the opposite shores would be a repetition of the vast hive. Mr. Biggs's voice brought me back to Pier No. 12.

"Another Boston line, and there used to be another Savannah line, Sir! Steamers upon steamers, from one to five thousand tons, clustering along the docks like flies clinging to a slice of bread and molasses! Pier No. 13; here were Virginia steamers, Sir, mediums of conveyance to the mother of statesmen and the land of sweet plug tobacco. No. 14, Sir, Philadelphia steamers around Cape May; sea-sickness and bilge-water, Sir, at the lowest possible charge. Pier No. 15, Sir, is the landing-place of the Albany boats—a spot full of wonders, Sir. Here, Sir, at 6 A.M. and 6 P.M. each day these magnificent boats, emblematic of our rapid progress, can be seen, like grand monsters who have kindly lent themselves to puny man, awaiting the throng of passengers rushing away from the city on business or pleasure. The months of July and August are especially notable for the life upon the river, when all the fashionable world



THE ALBANY DOCK.

is bound to Niagara, Saratoga, Canada, or such parts of the country as may please their taste. Then, Sir, there is something approaching to delirium in the departure of an Albany boat. The wild hurrying of the excited people; the shouting of the hack and cart drivers; the dodging of the baggage smashers, and the cries of the vendors of every article under the sun, mixed up with the commands of policemen and officers of the boat; while, high above all the other din, the roaring of the escaping steam, makes the nearest approach to Pandemonium that we shall ever experience in this life."

Mr. Biggs paused for breath, a fine color glowing in his face, and centring particularly bright about his nose. I may as well mention here that Mr. Biggs's description so interested me that I took the earliest opportunity to revisit the spot at the hour he had designated, and I can indorse personally all he has said.

"Here, Sir," proceeded Mr. Biggs, "we have another immense outlet from New York, the Jersey City Ferry, communicating not only with a city of fifty thousand people, but with the dépôts of the great Erie Railroad, the New Jersey Railroad, the Northern Railroad of New Jersey, and the Morris and Essex Railroad. Over this ferry, Sir, there pass daily twenty-five thousand people and two thousand vehicles. Seven boats do service, the largest of which is 800 tons. Think of that, Sir, for a mere ferry-boat. These boats, Sir, make the passage in six minutes, in all weathers, cracking through twelve-inch ice like so much paper, at three cents per head for each

passenger. For this privilege, Sir, the most valuable ferry of the city, the Company only pay \$5000 per annum, holding it until the year 1866. Now, Sir, imagine that up to one hundred years ago, or a little over, say 1750, there were no docks above this spot, and that the scows which then plied between New York and the opposite shore landed their passengers and freight at a stake dock built from this place—a dock which was generally carried away every winter by the ice. About this date the wharves and lining of the river bank were built as high up as Partition, now Fulton Street."

Just as Mr. Biggs said these words, stretching out his hand to point to the spot, I saw a gentleman make a sudden stoop, pick up something at the feet of Mr. Biggs, and cross quickly over to the pier, with an anxious manner, as though he would conceal whatever the article was he had stooped for. While I was intently watching this another gentleman, with a singular obliquity of vision that caused him to look perpetually sideways over a tall cigar, came up to me.

"Did you see that?" said this last gentleman.

"See what?" I naturally asked.

"Why, that feller's found a pocket-book," said the gentleman.

As a matter of course I felt interested, which the gentleman perceiving, said, earnestly,

"Go over and make him go yer shares."

At this moment I was astounded to see Mr. Biggs seize the gentleman violently by the cravat, and while holding and shaking him uncomfortably, address him in this style:



POCKET-BOOK DROPPERS.

"Now ain't you a pretty scamp? Now ain't ye? What d'ye take me for, you rascal? Don't you understand your business better? If you don't tell me in an instant what ye took me for I'll hand ye over to the police!"

I saw that the gentleman rather shrank under this threat, and when Mr. Biggs gave him another shake, and another repetition of the same words, he burst out with,

"Oh! come, Squire, don't git mad. I d'know what's er matter with me ter day. That's er second time I've mixed up the thing this mornin', any how. Let up on a feller, say, won't yer?"

Mr. Biggs gave him one more genial shake that completely lifted him off his legs, and then dropped him so quickly that the released party went down on his knees. He was up, however, in a moment and away like a deer, while Mr. Biggs strode on the other way, leaving me for an instant in such a state of stupefaction that I could scarcely follow. When I did reach that gentleman all the explanation I could get in answer to my questions was,

"Pocket-book droppers, Sir;" and that was all the information I ever got on the subject.

After this, for some little time, Mr. Biggs's equanimity was clearly disturbed, causing him to pass hurriedly over the ground, notwithstanding the refreshment of a dozen on the half shell at Washington Market, and a *primer*, as Mr. Biggs expressed it; which "*primer*" was simply a gill of Bourbon straight.

"Over there, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, standing

at the south end of Washington Market, "is No. 19, the freight *dépôt* of the Morris Canal. That pier and the next, No. 20, is the city residence of a cloud of propellers and canal-boats, the bearers of burdens of every kind to our all-devouring people. At that point commences Washington Market, called in old times the Bear Market, running northerly to Pier No. 26. Here are thousands of hucksters, commission sellers of edibles of every kind. Middle-men, who deal and speculate between the producer and the consumer, until the latter has to pay at least fifty per cent. more for his food than it is really worth. Their sheds—mere shanties of plank—cover every inch of room, and there they lie in wait for the hundreds of boats of every kind that bring provisions to feed the hungry city. A few months ago a fire swept through these shanties, leaving the spot one mass of roasted potatoes, vegetables, beef, mutton, and poultry, and letting the public into the secret of how much and how valuable a quantity of food finds its way into this apparently unimportant spot. It is a disgrace, Sir, to the city, that these men should be allowed to create by their influence laws that prevent the countryman from coming directly into the market and selling his own produce at any time!"

The last part of Mr. Biggs's argument had been addressed to a couple of muscular gentlemen in red shirts, who were ostensibly apple-merchants by wholesale, and who, in reply, only vouchsafed the single word "Gas!"

"And now, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, emerging

from the opposite end of the market and passing over a couple of blocks at a brisk trot, "we come to another great outlet for a rurally-disposed people—the first slip of the Hoboken Ferry. Though the glories of Hoboken, Sir, have much departed since the days when the Elysian Fields reached almost to the landing on the Jersey side, yet Hoboken still holds out inducements to entice thousands away from their native soil. On the Sabbath-day, Sir, especially, they flock to the three New York landings, and from morning to night, when the weather is fine, swarms—particularly of Germans—seek their Teutonic relaxation in the fields above or the cafés in Hoboken. Seven thousand people, Sir, have been known to pass over the three ferries of this company of a Sunday, though on a week-day the travel is very much smaller. Rather a good property, Sir; and yet the proprietors pay the princely sum of \$1050 per year for the whole three ferries! What d'ye think of that, Sir? Pier No. 29, Sir, is the California Steamer wharf—the spot from whence so many thousands have sailed away, with hearts elate, never to return—many of them never to be heard of again; gone, Sir, to swell the unwritten history of that Golgotha of lands. I never see one of those steamers, Sir, without thinking of some great monster waiting to swallow its prey."

Mr. Biggs suited the action to the word, drawing back his head as he made the last remark, and opening his mouth, which he shut with a snap.

"And now, Sir," he resumed, "we come to the wharf of the Erie Railroad Company, the greatest work of private enterprise ever executed

in this country; a work which—though it has cost thirty millions of dollars, and absorbed, without any return, all the original capital—is still to be looked on as a work doing great credit to the enterprise of us New Yorkers, Sir, who not only spent all our own money in it, but all of any body else's, Sir, that we could get hold of. It hasn't paid yet; but we expect that it will soon. If you want to invest, let me advise you to buy Erie now, while the stock is low. Now is your time."

Mr. Biggs fell into a brown study for a few moments, when he brightened up. "Here again, from Pier No. 33, we have steamboats, Sir, by the score, ready to take you any where for a less sum than it will cost you to stay at home."

We picked our way in silence for a short time, when Mr. Biggs paused, waved his hand impressively, and said:

"Here, Sir, at Piers 37 and 38, we have a group of interesting items: Firstly, the Bremen and Southampton steamers; secondly, Sir, we have the way the ice comes in; thirdly, the wharf of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, who bring us every year about a couple of hundred thousand tons of coal, forty-five thousand of which are landed upon this wharf; and, fourthly, and most interesting of all, one of the wharves sacred to the Municipal Sanitary Office. At this wharf, Sir, there is dumped weekly 1200 loads of manure and garbage from the streets. In the spring this runs up to 2000; and it must be understood, Sir, that this is only one of many dumping places, several larger existing on the east side of the city, the total amount removed from the city being about an average of 17,000



OYSTER-BOATS.



HAY-SCALES.

loads weekly. In the spring this has been known to run up as high as 38,000 loads in one week."

By this time we had reached the second landing-place of the Hoboken Ferry, at the foot of Canal Street, which Mr. Biggs dismissed with a wave of his hand, and we stood before the docks once occupied by the Collins steamers; while just above, at another wharf, lay the line of screw steamers running between New York and Liverpool.

I stood musing over all this, when I missed Mr. Biggs. At the moment I was rather alarmed, not knowing but that gentleman had, in an unguarded way, slipped from the dock into the briny waves below, without noise or disturbance; but I was soon disabused on that point. I beheld Mr. Biggs standing with his back toward me on board a half-house half-boat arrangement, that lay moored, with many others of the same sort, at the wharf. I watched the motion of my friend's body and the bending forward of the head; and this, coupled with the fact that I could not fail to perceive the host of the boat hand him something, persuaded me that Mr. Biggs was going through a swallowing operation. In a moment he made a hurried exit from the boat and stood beside me on the dock, the host staring wildly at him as though in wonder.

"There, Sir! What d'ye think o' that?" were his first words; while, by watching the countenance of the man who stood with the oyster-knife in his hand, I became convinced that Mr. Biggs had merely been "sampling" the oysters without buying. "There's our oyster-boats. There's where a large share of the first-class bi-

valves are stowed. It's not an uncommon thing, Sir, for 40,000 bushels to be sold there in one week, while quite a business is done in the same goods in the Clinton Market, just opposite."

I felt uncomfortable as we walked away, being unable to disabuse my mind of the fact that the proprietor of the oyster-boat Mr. Biggs had honored with a visitation had come out on the plank to see us off, and gave Mr. B. a parting shout, as he moved away, that sounded very much to me as though he cried, "How did you like 'em, sonny?" Mr. Biggs, however, with an imperturbability to be admired, took no notice whatever of his impertinence. A few hasty steps and we stood upon the wharf at the foot of Hammond Street, where, as Mr. Biggs informed me, lay the majestic *Great Eastern* in all her sullen grandeur, while every spot about her teemed with suddenly-awakened life. Now ruin and desolation is upon all.

We passed between Piers 49 and 51, where the Christopher Street station of the Hoboken Ferry loomed up amidst piles of lumber towering almost to the skies. Mr. Biggs had become slightly taciturn. At Pier 53 stood a vestige of the past which I could not pass without inquiry. It bore the impress of one of the relics of history, and seemed as though it might have been a block-house erected by the early settlers for defense against the Indians. It was with this upon my mind I appealed to Mr. Biggs.

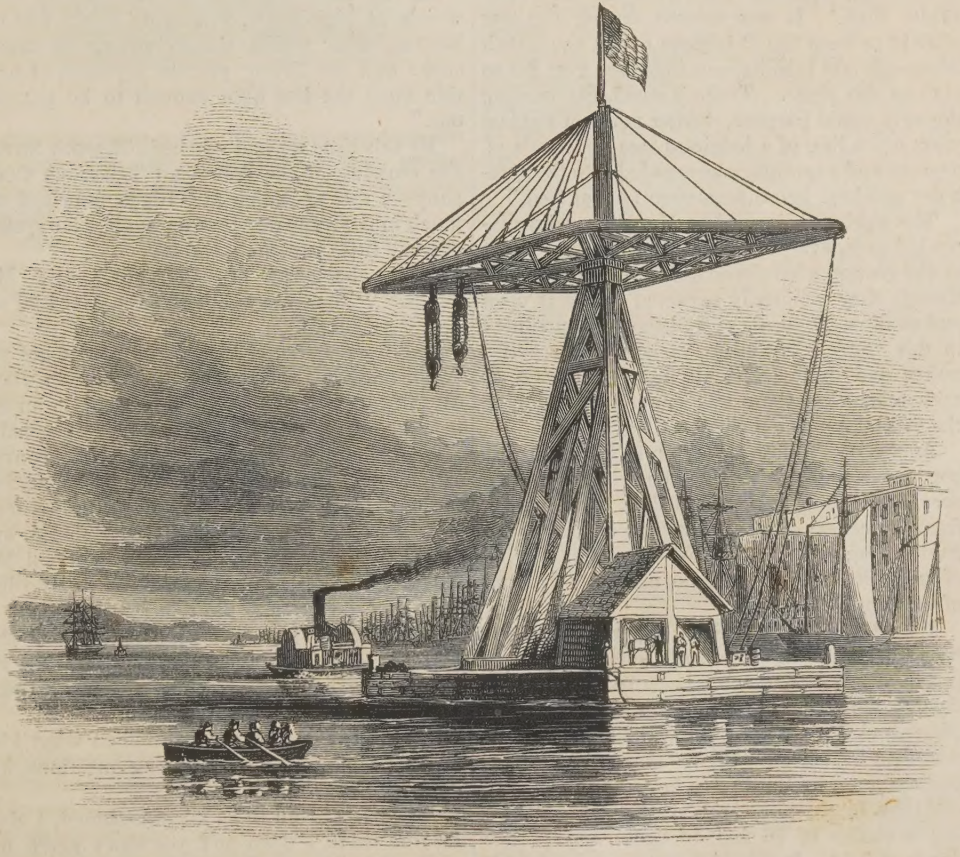
"Hay scales, Sir," was that gentleman's response; "old hay scales, long disabled, Sir; been there, Sir, ever since the memory of the oldest inhabitant; supposed to have been the original scales used by Wouter Van Twiller when he

used to put his foot in for a pound, in his Indian trades." Here Mr. Biggs gave a short cough, and drawing his right hand from his pocket, waved it across the scope of several slips, and went on: "Here, Sir, is sand, the spot whereon the product of Coney Island is stored, to enable our housewives to keep their pans and kettles bright; and there, Sir, we see flags—not flags of the free and brave, with stars and stripes, but flags, Sir, to trample under foot without insult—flags to pave our streets and back-yards, Sir. And now, Sir, we come to a very important item in our domestic economy." And Mr. Biggs pointed to a large building standing out toward the water's-edge, surmounted by a gigantic horse, the anatomy of which would have puzzled Agassiz or Owen in classification. "There, Sir, is one of the numerous establishments where our fire-wood is sawed and split by steam. Once upon a time, Sir, you could not walk half a mile without being turned off the sidewalks half a dozen times by their being in possession of the wood-sawyers; now, this is all done by the steam-engine, and thousands of boys are employed in performing the labor once executed by the professional and artistic sawyer. The wood is done up in those little bunches that we see in every grocery—a smart boy being enabled to tie somewhere between 600 and 800 per day, by which he can earn from \$2 to \$2 50 per week. These bundles are sold to the grocers at

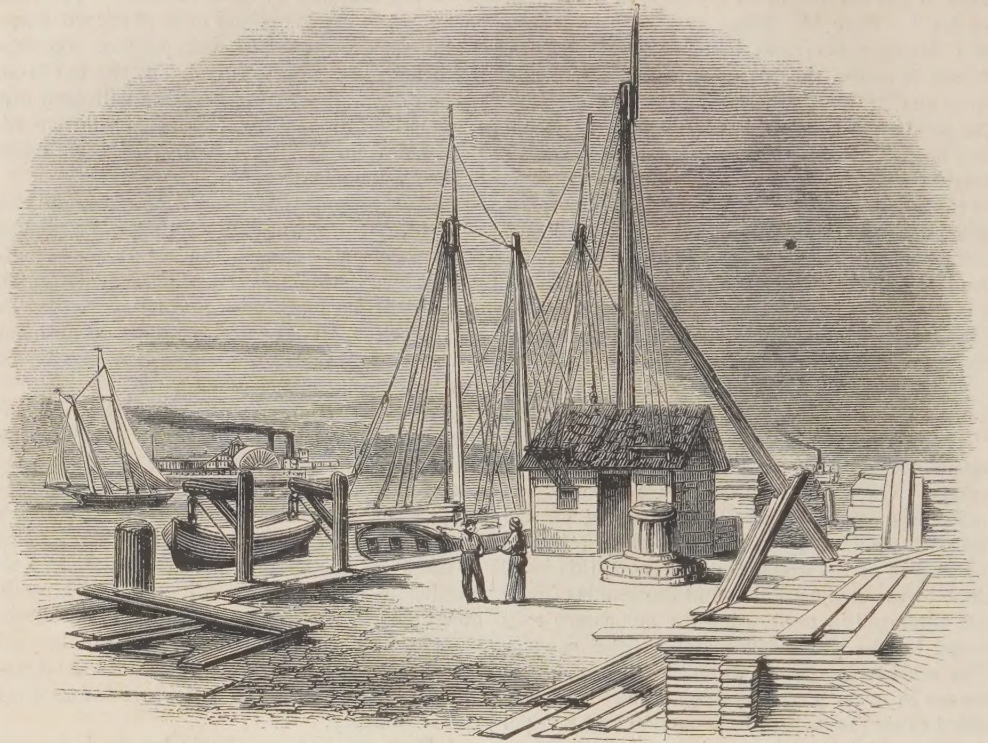
\$1 50 per 100, and by them retailed at 2½ cents each; while the knots and ends of the wood are sold at the factory for 16 cents per box, containing a little less than a barrel. Eight hands at the sawing and splitting machine will turn out about 16 cords per day. This, Sir, is one of the small reformatations of great importance daily being made among us."

As Mr. Biggs strode steadily away I could not but admire the stern pride with which he related these little facts; and the admiration was accompanied by the thought that, should the inventor of the splitting machine at that moment come in contact with Mr. Biggs, he might have some doubts as to whether himself or that gentleman was the real benefactor of mankind. A few minutes' walking and we stood at the foot of Twelfth Street, on the ground occupied by the freight dépôt of the Hudson River Railroad Company, watching the unloading of scores of cars just arrived with hundreds of cans of milk, boxes of cheese, firkins of butter, and such other edibles as the great city engulphs by thousands of tons and leaves no sign. Mr. Biggs placed himself about the centre of the ground, and, to the astonishment of a group of workmen whom he had rather crowded to attain it, commenced stamping the ground the same as he had before done on the Battery.

"Here, Sir, is more classical ground, the spot whereon, only a few years since, stood Fort



THE DERRICK.



TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Gansevoort, or, as more familiarly known, 'The White Fort.' It was erected during the war of 1812 to keep the Britishers out of the North River—should it so happen that they ever got so high as this place. There it stood, Sir, serving the very useful purpose, during many of the last years of its life, of a lodging-place for shoals of negroes and vagrants, who crawled into the port-holes and kept house permanently rent free."

The workmen listened to Mr. Biggs with distended eyes, every now and then looking about at the ground whereon he had been stamping, as though they momentarily expected to see it open and swallow the speaker; and then, disappointed in this result, they made various disrespectful noises and motions, signifying their belief to each other that there was something wrong in the mental condition of Mr. Biggs.

At the wharf close by lay an immense square box, covering, as I thought, somewhere about an acre, and having upon its deck a small house, from the centre of which towered a mast of gigantic proportion, with cross-beam and rigging of indefinite quantity. I was naturally desirous of knowing its use.

"Bishop's derrick, Sir! the great derrick with which sunken steamboats, ships, and heavy laden vessels are brought back from the briny deep to the light of day. With only one-horse power and five men that arrangement has lifted a sunken boat laden with 300 tons of coal. This is done more by the lifting force of the boat itself than by the power on board—the boat having a square of 76 feet on deck, and 12 feet depth of hold. It is only necessary, therefore, to

make her fast to a sunken wreck at low tide, which, at high-water, will bring it six feet off bottom, after which she is swung in nearer shore and the lifting process repeated at next tide until she lies high enough to be pumped out."

By this time we had reached Fifteenth Street, the crossing of the American Telegraph Company—a fact of which Mr. Biggs informed me much in the same way that he would have spoken of some little personal property.

"The telegraph crossing, Sir," said Mr. Biggs. "If you say so we'll step over and see how it gets on."

I thought I should like to see how it got on. Accordingly we went across the wharf to where Mr. Biggs settled upon an individual in an extremely dirty shirt, smoking an impeachable clay pipe, and holding short grumbling conversations with the little waves that broke against the dock over which he was swinging his legs. This gentleman was obviously well posted, and not to be caught, as he instantly informed Mr. Biggs in answer to his question as to who had charge of the office of the telegraph crossing.

"No yer don't! I ain't no fool, I ain't," said that sagacious individual. "I warn't born yister-day, I warn't. I've seen fellers comin' round here as-sin' ker-wes-tions, I have."

I ventured to ask the gentleman what kind of folks came round there asking questions, and got my answer.

"I ain't a gwan to be ker-wes-tioned, I ain't. Do you think I doan-no? yer can't ketch me, yer can't. No, Sir, yer can't."



"BE KEERFUL OF MY VEST."

Mr. Biggs was at this moment leaning against the Telegraph office, staring at the dirty gentleman, when that individual addressed himself to Mr. B.

"Say, Mister, be keerful of my vest, will yer?"

I saw Mr. B. start, and, as he started, I saw a strangely tattered rag of a wondrous dingy hue hanging on the spot against which he had been leaning. I saw Mr. B. shake himself with a shudder and look at the garment somewhat as one would look at a venomous reptile or a mad dog, and then I saw him dash away with an expression that clearly showed that he was not able by speech to do justice to the subject. It was not until he had got several streets away that he found voice to express his indignation mingled with certain information.

"Confound the fellow!" said Mr. Biggs; "the rascal. Couldn't he have told us that there are fourteen wires crossing at this point. Eh! Sir. Couldn't he just have mentioned that the cable crossing this spot is just three times as thick as the Atlantic Telegraph cable, and that it runs from that point to Brimstone Point in the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, and from there to every where. The man ought to be hung, Sir. No, Sir, he's too dirty for that. He ought to be ducked, Sir, if it wouldn't spoil the river."

We stood by this time at the foot of Eighteenth Street, where I saw some great iron frames raising themselves to the altitude of a house, and holding in their embraces vast vessels seeming like gigantic pots just put on to boil. I had heard much of the charity of the citizens and of the soup-houses that had fed the poor through some bitter winters, and, as a natural consequence, these ran through my mind as I asked Mr. Biggs for information.

"Those, Sir, are the gasholders of the Manhattan Gas Company, a Company upon whom 30,000 customers depend for their nightly supply of light. Not 30,000 people, Sir, but 30,000 buyers, and perhaps not less than 350,000 people. They have 230 miles of cast-iron main laid through the streets, and light this great city from the north side of Grand Street to the south side of Seventy-ninth Street. In this, which is called the Eighteenth Street station, they have 1000 retorts and sixteen gasholders, while at the foot of Fourteenth Street, East River, they have another station almost as large, and at the foot of Sixty-fifth Street, North River, one much larger. In one year, Sir, this Company consumes 100,000 tons of coal, and 60,000 bushels of lime, from which they manufacture, with the aid of 1500 men, 1000 millions of cubic feet of gas."

Mr. Biggs walked on ruminating and breaking forth into occasional ejaculations of,

"A wonderful study, Sir, is gas! The whole world, Sir, is gas! Mankind is made of gas, Sir! From gas we came, and unto gas we must return!"

We had not walked far when Mr. Biggs, with an admiring cast of countenance, stopped before a domicile erected apparently upon public ground at the very entrance of a wharf. The architecture of the "Hôtel de Flaherty"—for so an artistically-lettered board announced its name—was decidedly of the rural order, though of what material it was composed would have puzzled an analyzing chemist. There was wood undoubtedly, with here and there a stone breaking through a chaos of mud, plaster, and mortar. There were bits of tin-roofing impressed into the service, with here and there a scrap of canvas or a brick by way of ornament. The "Hôtel de Flaherty" boasted a master of the softer sex, who did her business under a projecting shed in front. Her goods consisted of wilted apples, dusty candy, and something which looked to me like smoked sausages. Mr. Biggs walked up to the stand, and, taking up one of the last-named articles, inquired,

"How much apiece?"

"Two cints," responded the proprietress.

"Too much," said Mr. Biggs, sternly.

"Well, lave 'em be, thin."

"I'll give you three cents for two," said Mr. Biggs, not abashed.

"I'll see yees hanged first," said the lady, "and thin I wuddint."

Mr. Biggs silently laid down four cents, drew out his pocket-knife and cut off two of the coveted articles.



HOTEL DE FLAHERTY.

"Boloneys!" said Mr. Biggs, proffering me one, which I declined, giving as a reason that I never ate at that hour of the day. Mr. Biggs graciously accepted the refusal, and devoured the whole without winking.

During the time that Mr. Biggs was disposing of his lunch we were progressing upward past piles upon piles of lumber, stone, brick, and coal. By swill-fed cow stables; by distilleries and slaughter-houses; by sugar refineries, towering ten stories into the sky, and packing-houses capable of taking in a drove of a thousand hogs and barreling them for exportation before they have time to squeal. Past great clipper ships discharging cargo by the aid of a steam-engine, where once the heave and song of the stevedore only was heard; past crowds of tow-boats, laden with the grain of the West, the coal of Pennsylvania, and the thousand products of a thousand places; past sloops and schooners, from every spot under the sun, and bound likewise to every region, as my guide informed me, in the intervals of mastication.

For a time I had noted a peculiar perfume on the air which I thought disagreeable. Mr. Biggs strode on unheeding notwithstanding my protest against the growing unpleasantness of the atmosphere, until at last we stood at the foot

of Thirty-fourth Street; before a half-opened gate that gave admittance to a wharf from whence the sweet savor poured forth in volumes. A German watchman guarded the portal, and opposed the entrance of Mr. Biggs. That gentleman, to my astonishment, pulling a small notebook and a pencil from his pocket as he pushed by, and muttering the single word "Reporter," ushered me into view of a small sloop piled high with the savory carcasses of horses, pigs, cows, dogs, and cats, while barrels and tubs, tanks and hogsheads of blood and entrails, stood about.

"The offal boat, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, with a wave of his hand as of introduction; "the craft that waits to receive the animal dead of the city."

The watchman, backed by an assistant, stood watching Mr. Biggs with no pleased expression of countenance. With a patronizing nod Mr. Biggs turned to address him and proposed a question. He answered,

"Nein, nicht forestan."

Mr. Biggs tried the other.

"Oh, ya-as, goot. I sphakes Angerlish. Ya-as. I knows every ting."

Mr. Biggs tried another question.

"Oh! ya-as, dat ish so. Goot, I knows all about it."

And so between the gentleman that knew nothing, and the gentleman that knew every thing, Mr. Biggs came down to his own stock of knowledge.

"The offal boat, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, "is an important adjunct to the Bureau of Sanitary Inspection. I have a little document here, Sir, which will give you some insight into the matter;" and Mr. Biggs drew from his pocket a dingy paper rather the worse for wear, and read:

"City Inspector's Department, Bureau of Sanitary Inspection, etc., New York, September 24, 1860. For the week ending September 22, 1860. Number of dead horses removed from the city limits, 50. Ditto of cows, 9. Ditto of dogs and other small animals, 135. Number of barrels of offal removed, 3100.' That's the week's work, Sir; and then here's another string of items, in the way of choice articles of food which we're not allowed to eat. The Inspector pounces on 'em, Sir, like a chicken on a grass-hopper, and to this they must come whether or no: 'Beef, number of pounds, 1236; veal, 495; fish, 2900; poultry, 350; other meats, 3580; hogs, 16.' That's a pleasant little lot, Sir," continued my guide, "for one week, which might have found its way down the throats of the citizens. Eh, isn't it?" and Mr. Biggs gave an unearthly chuckle, and scowled at the two Dutchmen as though they were the guilty parties. "It all comes here, Sir, brought by the contractor at his own expense, except the blood and offal from the slaughter-houses, which the butchers are obliged to deliver. The contractor keeps ten carts constantly going on these errands, and three of these boats to carry away what they gather. Whenever an animal dies notice must

immediately be given at the nearest station-house, or at the office of the City Inspector. The carts are then sent, and the funeral proceeds with dispatch, until the carcass is deposited upon the boat. One of these boats sails every evening, and her cargo is landed at the bone-boiling establishment up the river. After sundry processes of manufacture, the defunct omnibus-horse, the swill-fed cow, and the departed canine, comes forth in the shape of leather, bone, manure, soap fat, and various other trifles too tedious to mention. In fact, Sir, quite improved, and far more useful."

Mr. Biggs paused gaspingly, gave one more sniff, with his nose rather elevated, and slightly turned away from the object of his admiration, and then, to my very decided relief, left the offal boat far in the rear.

Mr. Biggs was marching away rapidly toward the east, leaving the water behind. In answer to my question of "Why?" he answered,

"Had enough of this side, Sir; nothing more to be seen above. We'll try the East River, Sir."

I could not fail to perceive an uncertain air about Mr. Biggs; a look as though he had the intention of doing some act for which he was only awaiting opportunity. He gazed into corner establishments of a suspicious style, and made several feints at entering; but seeing that I made no motion to follow, Mr. Biggs surrendered what I supposed was his intention, and passed on with an audible ejaculation and a hastened step.

At the very moment when I was wrapped in the deepest wonder at the strangeness of his manner, Mr. Biggs seemed at once to alter his course, making directly toward an old-fashioned wooden-box hydrant, that stood upon the street corner, on which, to my utter astonishment, he seated himself with an air that plainly declared him a fixture.

"A-h!" said Mr. Biggs, drawing a long breath, "now we'll have a little quiet conversation. You seem to have a rather small idea of the commercial greatness, Sir, of this town, if I understand you right, Sir! I mean to have that out of you, Sir!"

Upon what premises Mr. Biggs based his argument was beyond my understanding; I certainly had not so expressed myself, and I am equally certain that such was not my opinion. That gentleman, however, did not give me an opportunity of saying so, but continued rapidly:

"This city, Sir, has too long labored under slander and false valuation, Sir. I mean to crush it out, Sir! Crush it out!" And Mr. Biggs, suiting the action to the word, gave the hat, which he had taken from his head to cool it, a scrunch, and then took from it a bundle of soiled papers, to which he occasionally referred, as he went on speaking:

"New York, Sir, in proportion to its size, is the greatest commercial city of the world! In the increase of her commerce, Sir, she has no parallel in history! She has it in her power,

Sir, by wealth and commercial importance, to dictate peace or war to the world. Commerce, Sir, has become the real arbiter of nations. Let us look, Sir, at the growth of her mercantile marine, from the period when the Dutch traders made their annual voyages for furs to Nieuw Amstel, as the south end of this island was then called. The first steps in the way of marine architecture were consummated in the shape of square-built sloops, measuring from twenty to thirty-five feet in length, and used for the commerce of the river. As the settlement advanced in importance it naturally began to look for foreign trade, even to going as far north as the vicinity of Salem and Boston, and as far south as the Virginia plantations. At last, Sir, the daring spirit that actuated our Dutch forefathers broke out in the shape of barks and brigantines; so that, within half a century of the time when the great Wouter Van Twiller hung out his country's banners upon the walls of Fort Amsterdam, the commerce of the city had grown to a most respectable size. In 1684 it numbered 2 barks, 2 brigantines, 25 sloops, and 46 open boats. At this period, Sir, New York began to show, by the growing wealth of her merchants, that her trade was not to be sneezed at, some of them accumulating what in those days was considered princely wealth. In 1674, when an account was taken of the wealth of the principal people, the richest man was found to be Frederick Philipse, who was rated at \$150,000—a sum that then placed him in about the same position as an Astor now. In 1695, Sir, the new dock was built from Coenties Slip to Whitehall Street, and a rate of wharfage established, which was, for vessels of less than five tons, 6s.; between five and ten tons, 9s.; from ten to fifteen tons, 12s.; from fifteen to twenty-five tons, £1; from twenty-five to fifty tons, £1 10s.; over that measurement, £2 10s. In 1701, Sir, the marine of the city consisted of seventy-four vessels, of which seven were ships. Think of that, Sir!—seven ships!"

Here Mr. Biggs's voice grew husky, and I could only catch a word at intervals. Then he began to nod, and nearly fell from his seat, dropping his bundle of papers. This aroused him; he started, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, fiercely:

"Wake up, Sir! Wake up! What do you mean, Sir, by going to sleep while I am talking?"

I denied the fact most positively. I was not asleep, and so I declared to Mr. Biggs.

"You're another, Sir!" said that gentleman, with an emphasis that brought a policeman, who had been lurking around the corner, to the spot, and kept him, during the rest of Mr. Biggs's very valuable lecture, within hearing.

"Well, Sir," continued Mr. Biggs, recovering his temper, "I've been telling you all about the commerce of New York, during the Revolution, and the war of 1812, and for the next forty years, and you were asleep, Sir, and didn't hear a word of it. Now, Sir, keep awake while I read you

a paper I wrote a couple of years ago, which will give you some idea of the present commerce of New York. Now don't go to sleep again."

He seated himself firmly on the hydrant, took out from a side-pocket a bundle of soiled and creased manuscript, from which he proceeded to read:

"We find that the entire commerce of the country for the last four years foots up to this:

IMPORTS.

1853.....	\$314,639,942	1858.....	\$282,613,150
1857.....	360,890,141	1859.....	338,768,130

EXPORTS.

1856.....	\$310,586,330	1858.....	\$293,758,279
1857.....	338,985,005	1859.....	335,894,335

"Now let us take the last year of this and see what proportion New York does, and what proportion other leading cities do, that we may arrive at the commercial greatness of New York by comparison:

IMPORTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1859.

New York....	\$218,231,093	Baltimore.....	\$9,713,921
Boston.....	41,174,670	Charleston.....	1,438,535
New Orleans..	18,349,516	Mobile.....	788,164
Philadelphia..	14,517,542	Savannah.....	624,599
San Francisco.	11,155,767		

"There are the imports, in which, as we see, New York does two-thirds of the whole business of the United States, and fifteen times as much as Philadelphia, a city of almost equal size. Now, Sir, let us come to the exports, and we'll see a difference:

EXPORTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1859.

New Orleans..	\$100,870,639	Boston.....	\$14,196,130
New York....	97,461,576	San Francisco..	12,403,782
Mobile.....	28,933,662	Baltimore.....	9,074,511
Charleston....	17,902,194	Philadelphia...	5,248,514
Savannah....	15,372,696		

"There's the figures for it, and New York is obliged to give it up. New Orleans sends out her cotton, which swells the grand total to almost three millions beyond New York. Now, Sir, while our hand is in, let's see the thing through.

Here we have the clearances, or vessels leaving the port of New York during the year ending June 30, 1859:

FOREIGN.		AMERICAN.	
Number of vessels	4,877	Number of vessels	4,786
Number of tons...	1,276,706	Number of tons...	2,554,134
Number of men..	59,601	Number of men..	66,806
Number of boys..	751	Number of boys..	375

"So you see, Sir, by this simple statement we find that the average tonnage of foreign vessels in the year 1859 was 261, while the average tonnage of American vessels was 533—another instance, Sir, of the effect of free institutions. We also see, Sir, that these foreign vessels, with their one-half tonnage, used within a fraction as many men and boys to get along with as the American—a palpable saving on the Yankee side, Sir. Then, Sir, during the same period of time there entered the port of New York:

FOREIGN.		AMERICAN.	
Number of vessels	4,999	Number of vessels	5,457
Number of tons..	1,305,279	Number of tons..	2,907,786
Number of men..	61,326	Number of men..	74,618
Number of boys..	757	Number of boys..	153

"By this, Sir, it will be seen at once that there were 823 more vessels entered than cleared—a fact that may be accounted for by the varying number at the wharves, by the condemnation of unseaworthy vessels, and various other causes not set down in the calendar, all of which, to a sensible man, are as apparent, Sir, as the nose on your face."

Mr. Biggs paused, and gazed absently at the nasal member, causing, for a moment, a misgiving in my mind that all was not right with that necessary facial appendage. I think it was for the purpose of doing away with this embarrassment that I asked Mr. Biggs what was the entire tonnage of the port of New York.

"1,444,360 tons, Sir," was his immediate response—"one-fifth, Sir, of the entire United States, which is 7,806,035."

A dead silence fell upon us for a few moments



"YOU MOVE ON, NOW."

after this stunning announcement of figures, only broken by Mr. Biggs, who, after fumbling in his pocket, asked,

"Have you any change about you?"

I took out a handful and extended it toward him. He carefully selected a bright quarter and a half-dime. The first he put in his pocket, and, with the other in his fingers, beckoned to the policeman. The M.P.—No. 4429—approached, when Mr. Biggs, deliberately laying the bit of silver in his hand, said,

"Go and get me a cigar, my good fellow."

Astonishment for a moment caused dumbness, but in a mere trifle of time there was a recovery, and No. 4429 slowly raised his hand, and, with a quick, convulsive jerk, cast the coin upon the body of Mr. Biggs, crying as he did so,

"Come, now; you move on, now, I tell yer. I been er having my eye on yer. Yer better move, or I'll bet I make yer bounce, I will."

Mr. Biggs stooped, picked up the fallen silver, gave one gaze upon the offended majesty of the law, and—moved.

Mr. Biggs made no halt in his moving until we stood at the foot of Thirtieth Street, East River, looking over the beautiful sweep of blue water before us, the great masses of rock, yet unlevelled, on our left, and the long line of wharves that ran down into the very heart of the city on our right.

"This, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, giving his head a wave that he might keep both hands in his pockets, "is the spot that will be remembered by New Yorkers of the past as Kipp's Bay, now a busy suburb of the busier city. Above this, Sir, at the foot of Thirty-fourth Street, is the ferry to Hunter's Point, Long Island. Now, Sir, let's be off—Down, derry, down."

And Mr. Biggs, suiting the action to the word, started off at a brisk trot, as though under an engagement to be at the Battery in fifteen minutes.

"That, Sir, is Bellevue Hospital we are leaving behind us," said Mr. B., as we reached Twenty-fifth Street—"the hospital for the poor sick and the sick poor. Mighty clean and decent place, Sir. And now, Sir, we are coming to the old House of Refuge. Ah, Sir, how are the mighty fallen! Degraded, Sir, into a laundry, a sawing and splitting place for kindling wood, and a distillery. Here, Sir, we have the ferry to Greenpoint, foot of Twenty-third Street, and another gas company—the New York. This company, Sir, falls somewhat behind the Manhattan in point of size, their territory for supply not being of so great an area, their customers, of which there are 11,000, being entirely below Grand Street. They have 130 miles of cast-iron main, or pipe, laid, and employ 535 men. At these works there are 550 retorts and 6 gas-holders; four more, making ten in all of the latter, are in other parts of the city. They manufacture nearly 600 million of cubic feet of gas per annum."

As Mr. Biggs ran on in his recital I looked

out over the great open spaces, which I knew had but recently been reclaimed from the river and filled in to make wharves. Long lines of carts from the interior of the city were filing out continually, dumping dust, garbage, and ashes, to swell the mass that was to add so many feet to New York territory. Hundreds of chiffonniers were scattered over the waste, culling into their bags and baskets what had been cast out by their fellow-man, no doubt often raking from the rubbish treasure-trove that well repaid the labor. We were passing by the yards where were put together those floating palaces of which New York has so just a right to be proud. I saw the great skeletons, gaunt and vast, raised upon the stocks, and the frames knit together, smooth and shapely, only waiting to be consigned to their element, and my heart yearned to wander among them, and see the builders of the ship. I expressed this desire to Mr. Biggs, but Mr. Biggs said,

"No, Sir; not to-day—can't permit it, Sir—haven't time—make a special matter of it, Sir—system, Sir, system's the word. Come on!"

And I came on.

Down we went past the Novelty Works and the Morgan Iron Works, where the clang and the clash of the hammer is never still, and the air is dark with the dust and labor of ten thousand men. Down by the ferries—at Tenth Street, to Greenpoint—at Staunton Street, to Williamsburg—and at Grand Street, to the same. Down past great ships, unloading with unfragrant hides, with great tuns of whale oil, and the thousand other things that go toward making up the smell of the wharves; and still by one where they bore out a burden that had gone on board of its own volition—the lifeless body of the captain, who had died in a far-off land, or on a far-off sea. The stevedores stood uncovered, and the careless crowd paused reverently for a moment as the rough, square box was borne to the waiting hearse: the door closed, the vehicle rolled away, and all was life, noise, and bustle again.

"Pier 54, East River, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, "is where all the Italian marble is landed that is brought into this port. In the great blocks you see before you lie all the grand works that will grow into life under the American chisel. Pier No. 53 is the Walnut Street Ferry to Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn. This street was once the most frightfully depraved in New York; and though it has not improved much in physical dirt, it has in mental. Here we come, Sir, to the building for the Tobacco Inspection—a vast pile, where 20,000 hogsheads of American tobacco are taken in yearly, examined, pronounced on, classed, marked, and turned out to be puffed into ashes by the millions all over the earth. And now, Sir, we come to one of the most important adjuncts of a mercantile marine—the dry, or sectional docks—the spot where a sick ship is taken in and done for. Between these two companies—the 'Sectional Dock Company' and the 'New York Balance Dock Company'—



FLOATING DOCKS.

there is accommodation for five vessels. The largest of these docks is 300 feet in length, and has a lifting power of 4000 tons. It hoisted out the *Great Republic* and set her to rights, and proposed to do the same thing with the *Great Eastern*, but the British monster was coy of a Yankee embrace, and wouldn't trust herself. The power used is steam, and four men jerk these great ships out of water with ease—that is, Sir, with the aid of the engine. When once out, it is not an uncommon sight to see 200 men pegging away at once on a ship's bottom. Should a vessel present herself at these docks in a dangerous or sinking condition when they are all occupied, a certificate to that effect from either company to the Navy-yard, Brooklyn, just opposite, will gain the distressed craft admission to the United States sectional dock at that place, but not otherwise. The charge for hoisting out the sick vessel is twenty-five cents per ton for sailing vessels and fifty cents for steamers. They had the *Adriatic* up there once, Sir. Not a bad job, that. About \$2500 at a pull, Sir. A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together, Sir, eh?"

And Mr. Biggs jocularly carried out his words on the cheap carmine head of a youth of seven summers, given to maternity and curiosity, who had for the previous four minutes been dividing his attentions between a fat baby nearly as large as himself which he carried, and a laudable desire to overlook my sketch-book, in which I was trying, in my poor way, to delineate what I saw.

"Pier No. 40, Sir, another Bethel. No. 39,

'Hydrostatic Lifting Docks,' for same purpose as those above. No. 34, Sir, Catharine Ferry, part of the machinery of the Union Ferry Company, of which more anon, Sir. Anon! Pier No. 33, Sir, sacred to oysters, another spot where the delightful bivalve comes in by the hundreds of tons. A large business done here, though not as large as on the North River side. Delightful East Rivers, Princes Bays, etc., and so forth!"

I remembered the gentleman's remark at the foot of Spring Street, and felt timid as I looked upon the countenance of Mr. Biggs. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, and so I said,

"Try an oyster, Mr. Biggs?"

Mr. Biggs assented; and in less than fifteen minutes I was well aware that the words of Mr. Biggs in their praise came from his heart. His acts responded to his sentiment. Mr. Biggs issued upon the wharf smiling benignantly, and pressing his hand gently on the spot to which he had transferred two dozen. We walked on.

"Another ferry to Hunter's Point," said Mr. B., finding his voice. "Pier 32. Pier No. 29, another ferry to Williamsburg and to Bridge Street, Brooklyn. And here, Sir, we stand upon the spot where was started the first ferry to Brooklyn, in the year 1642. At that time, Sir, Cornelius Dierkson, an able Dutchman, who had tasted the dangers of the deep, even as far as Sandy Hook upon the Bay and Hellgate upon the East River, started a ferry from his own farm, which lay along this bank from Roosevelt



ARTIST AND CRITIC.

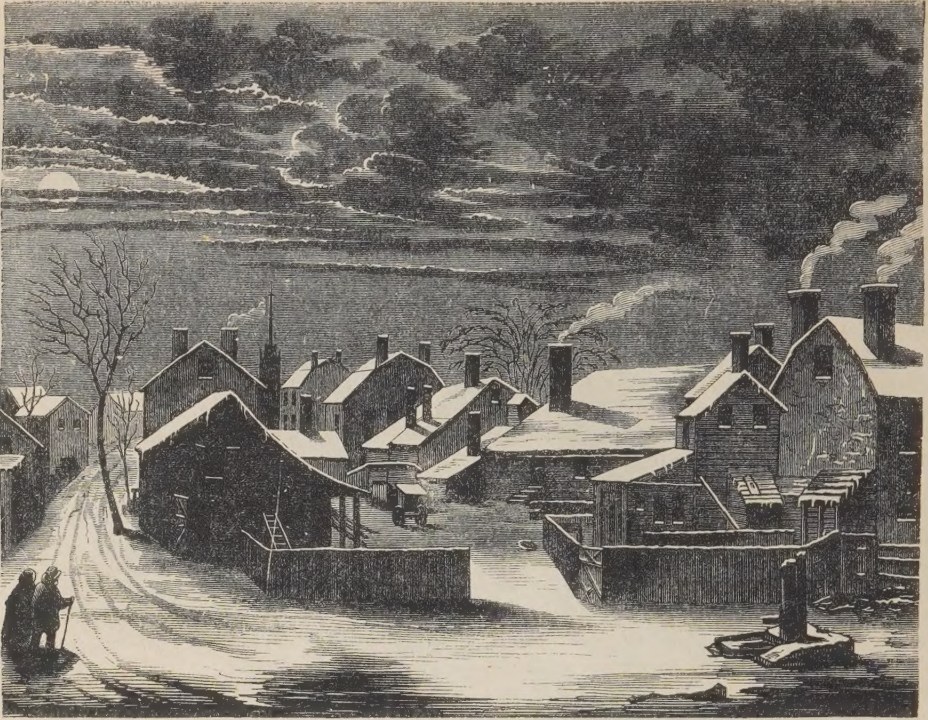
Street to Beekman, unto the opposite shore. From that time the Brooklyn Ferry became an established fact from this street, having only been removed to Fulton Street within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The landing on the Brooklyn side was close by what is now called Fulton Street. There the ferry-house, firstly a small frame building standing elevated on the bank, secondly a stone house built close to a wharf erected for ferry purposes. In 1710 and 1720, Sir, there stood a house on the corner of what is now Broad Street and Exchange Place, which went by the name of 'The Ferry-House,' it being a place of entertainment for man and beast, and the door of the hostel surmounted by the carved figure of a boat with rowers. But, Sir, I have my doubts whether this was strictly a ferry-house, though it is so recognized by the historians. I set it down as a place where the farmers and boatmen who came with produce put up while they were selling their truck. At that time, Sir, the highest wharf up, on the East River side, was at Roosevelt Street. As you perceive, Sir, this spot—Pier No. 26—is now occupied by the Peck Slip Ferry Company to Williamsburg, lately known as the Eastern District of Brooklyn. This ferry privilege is accounted sufficiently valuable to find purchasers of the lease at \$21,000 per annum—a bargain that endures until 1869, while the one from Grand Street to Williamsburg, which we passed some time since, pays \$18,000 per annum unto the same year. A great place, that Brooklyn, Sir," added Mr. Biggs, meditatively. "The third city in the Union—275,000 inhabitants.

I can remember, Sir, when there were only 7000. Here's a view of it"—and here Mr. Biggs extracted a paper from a package in one of his multitudinous pockets—"as it appeared in 1810—the year I was born; I've kept it on that account. I'll make you a present of it to remember me by. And here, by-the-way, is a picture of the Ferry-House of 1791. Ah! how time does pass!"



FERRY-HOUSE, BROOKLYN, 1791.

Mr. Biggs here paused suddenly before an establishment which had evidently been erected in the ruder ages from primeval plank. Its con-



BROOKLYN IN 1810.

struction hesitated between the coal-box and the pig-sty, and had as an aperture one place only, serving both for door and window, the shutter of which, upon being let down, furnished a table or counter for the sale of such articles as its proprietor had to offer the public. These consisted of a dozen or two of clams, about the same number of oysters laid out on small plates, and various like-size crockery receptacles filled with the flesh of the succulent lobster. Inside this establishment stood a gentleman and a small cask, the gentleman bearing the impress upon his features of being upon the best of terms with at least that portion of his property. Over the door was stretched a line of letters, reading, "RESTERANT;" while below the counter a label fluttered in the breeze, bearing on it, "1000 able-bodied men wanted immediately, to drink Swingle's Lager Beer. None but those having the spondulix need apply." It was before this place that Mr. Biggs paused and turned the flesh of the succulent lobster over with his finger. The gentleman inside addressed him:

"Well now, bossy, what kin I do for you? Try er lobstaw, bossy?"

"Ain't got no money," said Mr. Biggs, still fingering the morsels.

"Oh, come now, none o' that ere lallygag," responded the gentleman. "Go in, bossy!"

Mr. Biggs raised a morsel to his lips, tasted, smacked them, and swallowed it. He gazed a moment on the dish and then turned away. I saw a gathering cloud on the face of the storekeeper. I remembered the Spring Street oyster-boat, and I laid the sum of six cents as a peace-

offering on the counter. Mr. Biggs saw the act as he had receded a few steps, and once more turned and devoured the balance of the dish.

"Piers 24 and 25, Sir," continued Mr. Biggs, as he passed on, "are the wharves of the New Haven and Hartford steamboats. Fine boats, Sir, fine boats! From Pier 21 to 22 is the Fulton Ferry, the oldest of the Brooklyn ferries. This and most of the other Brooklyn ferries are held under lease by one Company, under the title of the Union Ferry Company. Over the joint ferries to Brooklyn 40,000 persons are computed to pass daily. After you pass this point, Sir, come the wharves where the most valuable products that enter into New York are landed, and where the oldest shipping houses are located. The China and Australian trade; the old lines of London, Liverpool, and Havre packets; gold, ivory, palm-oil, drugs, dye-woods, and precious stuffs; teas, wines, silks, cloths, and indigo. The waste and thieving, Sir, along these wharves is equal to half a dozen fortunes yearly, in spite of every precaution. I think it would be safe to say, Sir, that from the Fulton Ferry to Pier No. 16, which we are just coming to, and which is the foot of Wall Street, the lurking-place of the bulls and bears, and the slip of another ferry to Brooklyn is the very richest section of the city wharves. You might be satisfied, Sir, if you were in receipt of the customs levied on what comes in here for one quarter of a mill in one year."

Mr. Biggs here jingled something audibly in his pockets, which, if he had not already declared himself without money, I should certainly